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"Crowning Glory" (?)  

Did not Melissa Jean from her window and let down her golden hair to Pe-rias? Did not Bess the landlord's black-eyed daughter, lose her hair in the case-ment till the face of her lover burned "as the black cascades of perfume came tumbling down over his breast?" Did not Medusa turn to stone those who look- ed upon snaky locks? Last but not least, does not Mary Pickford flaunt her curls that all may see and wor-ship? Is not a woman's hair "crowning glory?"  

Tresses long and tresses short, tresses fat and tresses slim, beribboned and rain-dragged, these we see on every side. Perhaps as the moon rises over the river we shall see various waving pigtails beseeching the stars rippling over the window, sills, waving in the breeze. Have Mary and Medusa and Bess got anything on us? Never! History repeats it- self! LOOK at our Freshmen!  

The Man in the Moon woke up one night  
And saw his moon was shining bright.  
"This waste of light, it should be spurned—  
'A penny saved is a penny earned"  

So saying he turned out the light  
And left the world in black, black night.  
Without a moon we could not sing—  
So a make-believe moon the Seniors bring.  

The man in the moon we do not for- 
For he's so stingy with his light.  
We beg of you—his ways don't choose,  
Don't make us have a make, believe News!

Embarrassing  

Innocent Freshman: "I live at Mosier. Where do you live?"  

Prominent Senior: "I'm at Branford."

Innocent Freshman: "What luck! How long has your application been in?  
Senior: "Five years."

Freshman: "Oh, did you know that you were coming here?"  

Advice From a Senior  

Don't study when you're tired  

Don't study when you're happy  

Or have something else to do.  

For that will make you blue  

Don't study in the day-time,  

And don't study in the night.  
But study at all other times  

With all your might."

—Anon.

First Aid  

I will sell to any interested Soph. or upperclassmen my complete collection of Shakespeare papers (including Bradley and other well known authorities) with marks averaging x and v.  

Sir Yvor.

Freshmen  

I know them by their bash-ful air,  
Their half-shy smile, and high-piled hair,  

I know them by their timid looks,  

Their Expenshades and History Books;  

I know them by their chapel seat,  

Their angel robes and clothes so neat.  

Oh! the Freshmen are a jolly crew,  

And I wish that I were one  —don't you?  

"Now that I am become a C. C. Freshman I have put away childish things!"